

Good Morning

S63

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Can You Assess Individual Value?

I SEE that the Service Authorities have changed the method of classification in medical examinations of Servicemen. The classification is no longer A1, A2, A3, down to C3. It is a much more minute system of probes, and it is to be called Individual Assessment.

It is a purely physical estimate of persons, but it gave a submariner an opportunity of saying to me that Science was now so "advanced" that it abolished what I (A1 Male's deputy talking) had called the "religious urge of mankind." In short, this religious urge was a myth, and the Bible was bunk.

Well, if that was the final word I would be floored. But it just happens NOT to be the final word.

Religion, and especially the Christian religion, is no mere dishevelled mixture of prayer, faith and namby-pamby. There is, actually, no more mystery in religion than there is in biology, and there is a bit of mystery in biology, let me add.

For with all our "individual assessment" and scientific methods of measuring up things, we know next to nothing of what is called Life. What determines the difference between the real origin of animals and men? We don't know.

Take the keenest analysis—laboratory analysis—of the germ of the worm, the bird, even of man himself, and Science cannot tell what makes the worm a worm, or a man a man.

It does not matter into what strangely different forms they develop, whether they become things that fly, swim, crawl, or walk, the embryo is the same indistinguishable thing.

The best that Science has ever been able to do, or say, is that this structureless matter is made up of carbon, hydrogen, oxygen and nitrogen. They give it the name of protoplasm.

Don't take my word for it. Take the word of Professor Huxley, one of the greatest of our biologists. This is what he said and wrote in his "Lay Sermons":—

"Beast and fowl, reptile and fish, mollusk, worm and polype are all composed of structural units of the same character." Modern biologists agree to all that.

Bit of a comedown, isn't it, to our feeling of superiority, to realise that it is impossible to say what is the difference in origin between yourself and your dog, or cat, or canary—or the slugs in the garden!

But what is this mysterious substance that has entered the speck of protoplasm and made it you or me, or the dog, or cat, or canary, or apple tree?

No eye can see this original force. No microscope can detect it. Science cannot define it. All we do know is that matter cannot be created and cannot be destroyed.

We know little more, except that we are up against what

Darwin called the Law of Unity of Type. It has also been called the Law of Conformity to Type.

It means that, whatever else is discovered, or proved, there is a Law making it impossible for one type to reproduce another type. The dog reproduces dog, the rat a rat, the man a man, the reptile a reptile.

Each offspring is but a re-incarnation of the parent. And it is just here that I want to point out a remarkable fact. Science admits that there are many manifestations of Life. So does Christianity, the only philosophy (if we can call it a philosophy) that does so in the religious sense.

Listen to the words of the Apostle. "All life is not the same life. There is one kind of life of men, another life of beasts, another of fishes, and another of birds."

Can you see here something that bears out the order that to become a Christian "you must be born again"? Conformity to type law in operation!

What, you may ask, has biology to do with Christianity? It has quite a lot to do with it.

If the visible bird is a re-incarnation of the invisible bird-life, is it not logical to assume that the same laws are in operation in the spiritual sphere?

If physical origin of Life is a mystery, why doubt that there is less (or more) mystery about the spiritual Life?

There cannot be any fallacy in speaking about the embryology of the new life that transforms men into Christians, any more than there is fallacy in saying that type runs to type. The parallel is complete.

Watch, too, how the New Testament speaks of the processes of regeneration, of re-incarnation.

The writers use no imaginative figure of speech when Paul says to the Colossians, "Put on the new man"; and to the Corinthians, "We are changed into the same image from glory to glory."

And greatest of all there was One who said, "I am the Life. . . . I am come that we might have Life. . . ."

This is all in the strictest sense the language of biology. The New Testament describes the process according to modern biological terms.

Yet the writers, the apostles, knew nothing of biology. They knew nothing of Science as we know it.

But they said what they said because there was no other way of saying it.

They said daring things out of their reverence and revelation of the truth. They were not seeking to be scientific. But their fearless accuracy made them scientific. Talk about "Individual Assessment!"

And there is not a scientist alive who contradicts them, because he would be contradicting his own learning.

I hope my submariner is prepared to think it out while I wish you all

Cheerio, and Good Hunting.

Here comes the Bride . . . 30,000 OF THEM

Walter Grimaldi, Registrar London, tells you about them

"I HAVE been at this job 32 years, and have just performed my 30,000th marriage ceremony. That makes 60,000 people I've married, and that, I think, must be a record," says Mr. Walter Grimaldi, Superintendent Registrar of the Edmonton, London, Registration District.

His experience of weddings and brides dates back to the days when wedding parties arrived in horse-drawn vehicles, with a shy bride in white lace, made up as white as a wedding-cake!

"To-day," he says, "it's the bridegrooms who show traces of nervousness, and it's only Land Girl brides whose faces are not made up. Large family parties are out of date."

THEY sometimes even forget the ring, or for Service reasons have been in too much of a hurry to buy one. In a drawer of his desk at the Edmonton Registrar's Office, Mr. Grimaldi keeps a small stock of wedding rings for the convenience of bridegrooms who have been too busy to buy one.

"That seldom happens now," said Mr. Grimaldi, "and fashions in wedding rings have changed, too. During the last ten years gold rings have been the exception. White gold, or platinum, usually decorated, are most popular."

Mr. Grimaldi, blue-eyed, with greying, curly, auburn hair, reckons he can perform 25 marriages an hour, so that it was a comparatively easy matter for him to do his record of 100 in one day in October, 1939. That year, too, he performed a

record number of weddings—2,200 in all.

If you want to know some of the inside secrets of marriage, ask the Registrar. For Service reasons, many young couples are getting married at the Registrar's Office than in a church—for speed as well as economy. The truth is that a Registrar's wedding is not the drab, unromantic affair it was years ago.

Registrars like Mr. Grimaldi have set out to alter the old scheme whereby the most beautiful moment in a woman's life was often ruined at the crucial time by a depressing room, hard chairs, a general atmosphere of a dentist's waiting-room, and officials too busy or too inhuman to be interested in such an important event.

They had things altered in several Registrars' Offices.

Attractive carpets were put on the floor, modern furniture installed. The staff were as smartly dressed as church groomsmen, and the general atmosphere was one of "welcome."

Edmonton took the lead in this reform. Other Registration Centres followed, and when the Norwich Civic Centre was opened just before the war, the King and Queen made a point of inspecting the "human" Registrar's Office. That is how it should be.

You see some strange weddings in the Registrar's Office. The youngest couple Mr. Grimaldi has married were only 15. That was before the marriage age was raised.

Other couples who have been before him were a man of 87 and a bride of 86, and bride of 54 and a bridegroom aged 18, a girl of 17 and a bridegroom of 75, a pair of Parsees who introduced symbolic rites into the service, a family of 16 brothers and sisters, a Russian princess, and a bride of 24 years of age being married for the third time.

"I almost spoilt one wedding," Mr. Grimaldi said. "When the day's work was done and the last showers of rice and confetti had been thrown, I hurried home. I put my suitcase down, and it was not until some time later that I opened it."

"I looked with astonishment; instead of my books and papers, here were dainty clothes and silk stockings! I could do nothing, but I hoped that somewhere the bridegroom was not having to dry the tears of an angry bride, forced to spend her honeymoon with my dull books instead of her own dainty clothes."

"On the Tuesday morning the young husband arrived with my own suitcase. He had in his excitement picked up the wrong one in my office. His wife—and how proudly he said the word!—had been very

amused, he told me, wondering whatever I should say when I opened her case!"

All Registrars' weddings don't take place to the accompaniment of confetti, good wishes, and the smiles of relatives standing by.

The other day a Registrar heard a scuffle and the sound of marching outside his window just before a couple were due to be married.

"I looked out," he said, "and saw that quite a crowd had gathered. As far as I knew there was nothing unusual about this next couple of 'clients,' so I wondered what had happened. Then my assistant, with an agitated expression, opened the door. To my amazement, I heard the sound of Army boots tramping in the corridor outside, and in marched a file of soldiers in the charge of a sergeant. They were all armed except one man—the bridegroom!"

"Without a word to me, the sergeant marched his men into my room, ordered them to 'Right turn,' and halted them at attention. Then, turning to me, he said that the marriage could proceed."

"The unarmed man was a deserter from the Army. His wedding had been arranged, and when they could not grant him leave he deserted to keep the wedding date. The M.P.s had caught him on the very morning, but he was allowed to be married before he was marched back to face a court-martial."

The fun was fast and furious on the day when a young couple who worked at a laundry were married. When they walked outside they found that their work-mates had erected a clothes-line as a triumphal arch—and on it were pegged undies in every size, from scanties to "Utility," and flannel to crepe-de-chine!



THINK OF A NAME O.S. Walter Marshall

HERE'S a big surprise for O.S. Walter Roland Marshall, of Montague Street, Grimsby.

Remember the instructions you gave your mother when you were home on leave? You asked her to try and find the Bible you got while at the Ganges; you also wanted her to look for your

cross and chain, and you expressed a wish for a dog.

It certainly takes a naval man to get things done. When "Good Morning" called at your home, Walter, your mother had found your Bible, and had got you a terrier puppy. She's hoping to have the cross and chain for you, too, when you next go home.

The puppy is too young yet to leave the litter, but we knew you would want to see what it is like, so we "borrowed" it from the mother and took a photograph for you.

Your mother hopes you will like it, and says you will have to start thinking out a name for it.

By the way, Walter, accept our belated birthday greetings. Glad to hear you were at home on the great day and managed to hold a party.

Mother's message to you is, "God bless you, son."



Thoughts for To-day

Lord, what is a lover, that it can give? Why, one makes lovers as fast as one pleases, and they live as long as one pleases, and they die as soon as one pleases; and then if one pleases one makes more.
Congreve, "The Way of the World."

It cannot in the opinion of His Majesty's Government be classified as slavery in the extreme acceptance of the word without some risk of terminological inexactitude.
Winston Churchill, Speech, 1906.

The mother, wi' her needle and her sheers, Gars auld claes look amais as weel's the new.
Robert Burns.

The fabric of superstition has in our age and nation received much ruder shocks than it has ever felt before; and through the chinks and breaches of our prison we see such glimmerings of light, and feel such refreshing airs of liberty, as daily raise our ardour for more.
Edmund Burke (1728-1797).

But for the virtuous things you do, The righteous work, the public care, It shall not be forgiven you.
Chesterton, "Ballade of an Anti-Puritan."

She was one of the early birds, And I was one of the worms.
T. W. Connor.

My apple trees will never get across And eat the cones under his pines, I tell him. He only says, "Good fences make good neighbours."
Robert Frost (b. 1875).

But in this world nothing can be said to be certain, except death and taxes.
Benjamin Franklin.

If Mr. Selwyn calls again, shew him up; if I am alive I shall be delighted to see him; and if I am dead he would like to see me.
Henry Fox, Last words, 1774.

No people do so much harm as those who go about doing good.
Mandell Creighton (1843-1901).

Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1



A MOKE'S NO ASS TO OLD PUG

THE story of Old Pug's life is a legend of Donkey's Years.

For donkeys have been Pug's only love for nigh on three-quarters of a century. And all his life Old Pug Gosden has lived with his donkeys in the pretty Surrey village of Pirbright.

If you ask him, Old Pug will tell you, "I can't rightly mind how many old donks I've had in my life. I know I can't remember ever being without one."

"But Jane is the finest old donk I ever had. She looks after me better than a wife, does old Jane."

Old Pug lives in a tiny house on his own, amid the bridles and harnesses of the donkeys who have had their day.

He works as a gardener at a big house in the village, and every Friday when he draws his wages—he takes Jane down to the local and buys the boys a pint.

The only time Jane is ever obstinate is when Old Pug tries to ride down to the local in mid-week; then Pug has to push her along from behind, because Jane seems to know that it's the wrong night for celebration.

But Jane likes a pint herself, and Old Pug always takes his first pint outside and shares it with his best pal. First Pug has half—then Jane has her half out of the same glass.

Jane knows the way back through the country lanes as well as Old Pug.

If Pug happens to go to sleep on the way home—and he sometimes does—Jane carefully avoids the dangerous spots, like the pond and roads where traffic runs, in case Old Pug falls off.

Jane takes him across the commons, through the heather and the gorse, so that her master can fall lightly.

On nice, warm nights Old Pug doesn't bother to get up if he falls off. "Times I sleeps 'long o' old Mrs. Heather," grins Pug, happily.

All the children love Old Pug—he gives them rides on Jane. All the village loves Old Pug, because he is the happiest man alive. And Old Pug loves the village only second best to Jane.

"I've had some fine old donks and I've had some fun with 'em," says Pug.

"I mind the time, over towards the White Hart at Chobham, when I had an old Jack donk."

"He was a wicked 'un, and he wouldn't behave for nobody but me."

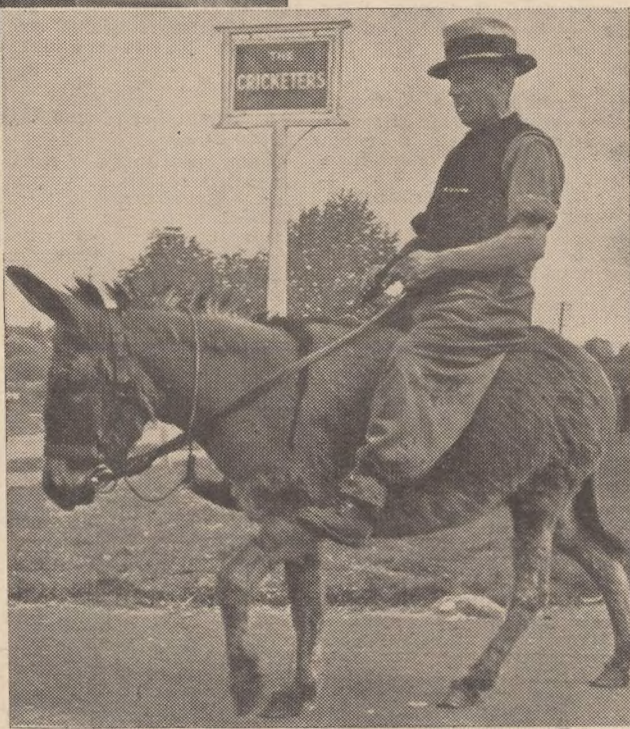
"So when Stan and Rusty—you remember Rusty?—say they're going to drive the

old donk back, I sits in the bottom of the cart and waits.

"Soon as the old donk hears a strange voice behind him, off he goes like a racer, and Stan and Rusty goes head-over-heels in the ditch."

"We still laugh about that. 'That donkey, and the cart and harness, cost me a pound."

"But Jane cost me thirteen pound ten—and I wouldn't sell her for all the money in London."



Learn How You're Governed

TAKING A DIVISION

(By J. M. Michaelson)

"THE best repartee is a majority," Disraeli once remarked. It is the final argument in the House of Commons and the House of Lords, where everything is eventually decided by a majority vote of those present. A motion does not require a majority of the elected members and, in fact, many important measures have been passed by a minority of the members owing to great numbers of abstentions and absences.

When the time comes to take a division, the Speaker or Chairman rises in his place and uses a time honoured formula: "The question is that . . . As many as are of the opinion say 'Aye!' As many as are of contrary opinion say 'No!'" In the House of Lords, the words are "Content" and "Not Content" instead of "Aye" and "No."

Members then call out as directed. The Speaker estimates the number and says "I think the 'Ayes' (or 'Noes') have it." His decision can be challenged and the house then "divides." The division is literal, the Members actually voting by going into different lobbies.

Suggestions have been made from time to time that voting should be mechanical, without Members leaving their places, as in some other Parliamentary assemblies, but the House likes its traditions.

Immediately a division is ordered, the Serjeant-at-Arms gives the order "Clear the Lobby!" The doors are locked and electric bells are set ringing to inform Members in all parts of the building that a division is imminent. They just have time to reach the

chamber in the two minutes allowed.

At the end of this time, the Speaker again puts the question, and, if it is still disputed, he asks each side to name two "tellers." The doors leading to the two lobbies are unlocked, the tellers take their places there, and Members proceed to stream out, their names being taken by the clerks and their numbers counted by the tellers.

Members return to the chamber and the four tellers advance to the Table, the senior teller of the majority party walking on the right—his position thus tells the House the result of the division. The senior teller informs the Clerk of the numbers, is given a paper with them written down and hands this to the Speaker, who reads out the result. The doors are then unlocked again so that any Members who missed the division can enter.

This method of voting is of comparatively recent origin. The House has used many others, including letting the "Ayes" remain in their seats and the "Noes" be counted as they go out and lining up on different sides of the House. There were disadvantages. There are records of "Noes" being forcibly detained in their seats by "Ayes," and of elderly Members voting with Tories instead of Whigs because they had fallen asleep in their places!

In the rare event of a tie, the Speaker has the casting vote. Occasionally mistakes are made. In 1939, for instance, the tellers made a mistake and gave the result of a division as 90 to 89, when it should have been 89 all,

WHAT IS WHISKY ANYWAY?

"POTATO gin" is said to be served in some pubs in place of proper spirit, and in many others the whisky is alleged to be diluted.

At war-time prices, even moderate drinkers are up in arms at the suggestion that whisky should be "tampered with." Yet if you ask the average man what IS whisky, you will get the most fantastic suggestions.

It is pretty common knowledge what it should taste like, but what it is made of, and just how strong it should be if legally labelled "Scotch" whisky, seems to be the subject for dispute.

Many harsh things have been said about the "proof" of whisky since the war began—when with many bitter memories of the war strength from 1914-1918, most whisky-drinkers have kidded themselves that the standard strength is lower than it really is.

The old 1909 accepted definition, embodied in a Royal Commission report, still holds good: Whisky must be "obtained by distillation from a mash of cereal grain, saccharified by the diastase of malt . . . 'Scotch' whisky is whisky, as above defined, distilled in Scotland."

The "cereal," of course, is barley—one of the main components of beer. But in its conversion into Highland whisky it goes through four main processes of malting, mashing, fermentation and distilling.

Steeping is the first process in malting the grain. Picture in your mind a typical Highland distillery, whose lofts contain as many as 20,000 bushels of barley. The "steeps" are on a level with the loft floor, and the grain is lifted in bundles to a chute which spreads it over the steep.

You need not believe all the tales told of burns and glens which provide "magic" water for whisky; but the water does have to be absolutely pure, because in the steeping process it serves two purposes—to soak the grain, and to clean it.

Various whisky distillers have their own secret temperatures for steeping, the exact heat affecting the rate of germination of the grain. Somewhere between 55 and 60 deg. F. is general, germination being retarded if the water is colder.

Illicit "hootch" whisky is often said to be spoiled by rapid boiling in the steep, the whole process being speeded up to increase profit and cut down the risk of detection while the fires are on the pots. In the malting process the roots are withered off by heat, and finally the malt is kiln-dried to impart the necessary degree of peatiness to it.

Mashing the malt (at this stage called the "grist") with water dissolves the starch, which is turned into sugar by action of a product formed in the process of malting, and known as the diastase. The amount of water to be added is about six times the bulk of the grist.

Three different temperatures of water are used in the mashing. The first is put on at 156 deg. F., the second at 176, and the third at 190 deg. Then the liquid (the "wort") is drained off and fermentation begins when the yeast is added. With whisky it takes about 50-60

They had to go to the Table at Question Time on the following day and inform the Speaker of the mistake. There have been only three or four "dead heats" in the present century.

Once, in 1675, a dispute amongst the tellers about their arithmetic led to a free fight which had to be ended by the Speaker.

When there are many divisions, Members can spend hours "tramping the lobbies," and the opposition, on occasions, by being slow in walking, has managed to hold up business.

At times of intense debate, as over the Irish question in the last century, all sorts of stratagems have been used to prevent Members answering the summons of the bells. On one occasion an electric bell which informed Members in a neighbouring club had its wires severed. On another, the opposition managed to get all the cabs off the roads and thus prevent the SOS sent out to Members in the West End that a division was coming, being answered.

John Hilderson asks the Question

hours for the chemical reactions essential to the production of alcohol to be complete.

Best-grade Highland malt whisky is still distilled by coal-fired pot-stills, in the old-fashioned way, despite the war. The amount of coal used does no serious harm to the war effort!

Distilling is done in two stages, and two stills are used—a "wash" still and a "low-wines" still. The vapour is distilled by cooling, just as in a schoolboy's laboratory retort.

It is picturesque to see the old pot-stills being stoked up at dawn for the beginning of the ceremony of drawing the spirit.

After a few hours the whole wash is at boiling point, and the vapour rises and passes through the condenser, called the "worm," because of its twisting shape. This cools it, and the precious distillate which cools out is collected into the "low-wines" barrels.

The first-flow of this still is called the "fore-shot," and is not high-grade stuff. But once the temperature is correct the pure spirit begins to trickle down, and it is directed into the "spirit" still, and then by degrees sent to the spirit store to be filled into casks. It takes about eight hours to charge, fire, and run off a large still, and may cost £30 for fuel and labour.

Our hardy Highland ancestors used to drink the spirit as it left the still, lukewarm; but in these days a less robust palate (and the Excise officer) have determined that at least three years shall be given to maturing.

In pre-war days most Highland whiskies were seven to twelve years old, and any one bottle of whisky might contain as many as thirty "single" whiskies, or blends.

Potato-beer is a legal liquor, though it is doubtful if there is much about. Potato gin or potato whisky, however, are illicit. High profits could be made by the unscrupulous addition of potato - spirit brewed in secret stills.

But you need have no fear that any potato-spirit will be added to your whisky. It is a raw, fiery liquid, and is easily detected by its sharp reaction on the palate.

Illicit dilution with water is the worst that can happen to your whisky—and even that cannot be done over a greater range than 7.5 degrees without the average moderate drinker being aware of the dilution.

PUZZLE CORNER

MEDITERRANEAN PORTS

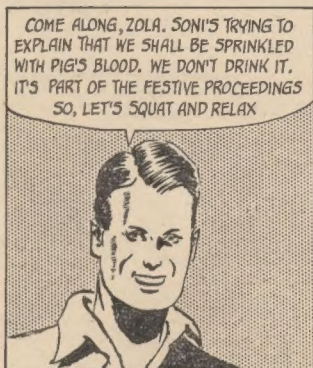
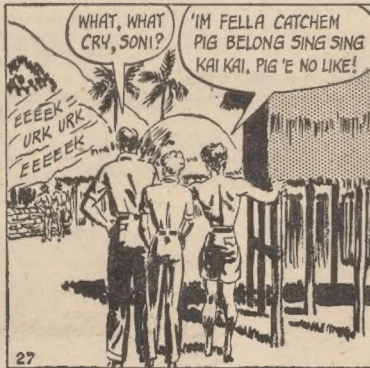
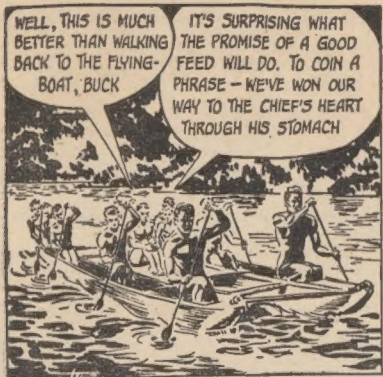
Guess the name of this Mediterranean Port from the following clues to its letters:—

My first is in ENSIGN, not in WHITE,
My second's in TAKE OFF, not in FLIGHT,
My third is in PELLETS, not in SHOT,
My fourth is in SAILOR, not in YACHT,
My fifth is in OCEAN, not in LAKE,
My sixth is in RIPPLES, not in WAKE,
My next is in BEACHES, not in SHORE,
My last is in ADMIRAL, not COMMODORE.

(Answer on Page 3)



BUCK RYAN



STAMP MARKET NEWS

By J.S. Newcombe

HAVING decided to issue a set of postage stamps commemorating the new Constitution, the Postmaster-General of Jamaica put the design out to competition. This is an unusual procedure, and for Jamaica unique.

"The public," read the advertisement, "are invited to submit designs, in black and white drawings, or suggestions for designs. . . . It is suggested that designs be symbolic rather than strictly representational, and that at least one design relates to Agriculture and Labour. Overcrowding of detail is to be avoided."

I imagine a good many philatelists would have liked to try their hand. Unfortunately, designs had to be in the P.M.G.'s hands a month after the notice appeared, so that few persons outside the island had a chance to submit. It will be interesting to see the winning designs when the stamps appear at the end of the year.

Eight denominations will comprise the set, from 1d. to 10s. The Jamaica Philatelic Society are lending their aid in the task of choosing suitable designs, and the P.M.G., of course, reserves the right to reject all the entries if none is good enough. The prize is 15 guineas for any design used.

The Lebanon Post Office is printing 10 stamps, partly to get higher values for the franking of Air Mails to the U.S.A., and at the same time to commemorate the full independence acknowledged by the Allies, following November's spot of bother there.

Printed by the offset process, they range in value from 25 to 500 piastres. Designs show the Government buildings at Beyrouth, a general view of the capital, the citadel of Rachaya, and a view of Bahamoun. The total face value in English currency is £1 16s. 4d., and 65,000 sets are printing.

Several Lebanese stamps have been demonetised as a result of the friction between the Republican Government and the Free French authorities. You may recollect that when the French took over, former President Edde was restored to office. After General Catroux's intervention and the come-back of the Republican Government to power, stamps bearing the portrait of Edde were withdrawn and demonetised.



Of the stamps affected, chief interest to collectors is the provisional 2p. on 4p., which had been on sale for only five days. During this time 15,000 copies were sold.

People who recall the notorious Argentine map stamp marking the Falkland Islands as their possession, are asking whether there is any political significance behind our issue of special overprints for the Falkland dependencies.

It must rest as a matter of speculation, I'm afraid. I do know that the Government is far from averse at the present time to the publicising of the fact that the Falkland Islands are, and have been for years, a part of the British Dominions beyond the seas.

At the foot of this column is one of the Italian stamps which honoured the Monastery at Cassino, now a pile of ruins. I shouldn't be surprised if a reawakened interest in these stamps sends them up in the market.

The two Russian stamps commemorate the foundation of the Order of the Great Patriotic War and the Order of Alexander Suvarov.



Solution to Mediterranean Ports.
SALONICA.

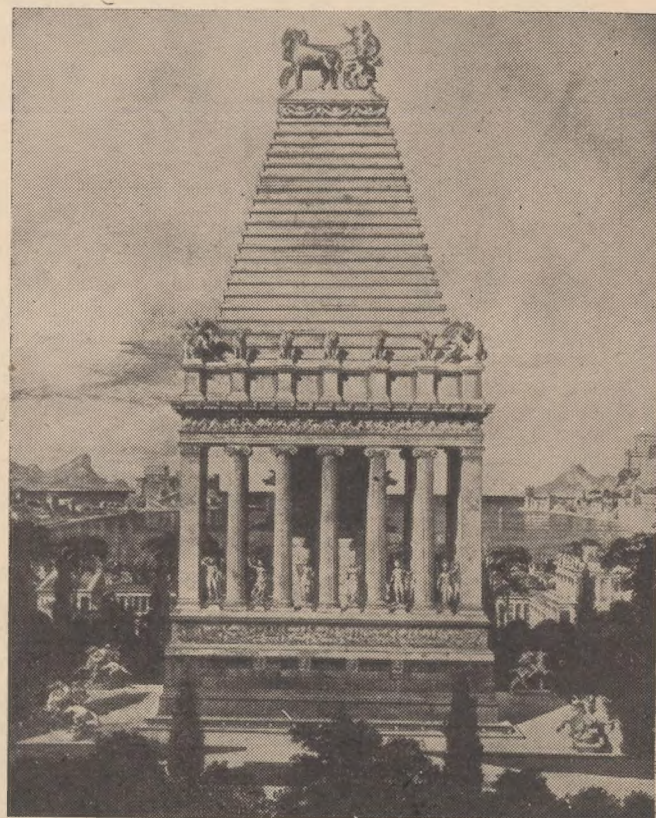
Good Morning The Seven Wonders of the World



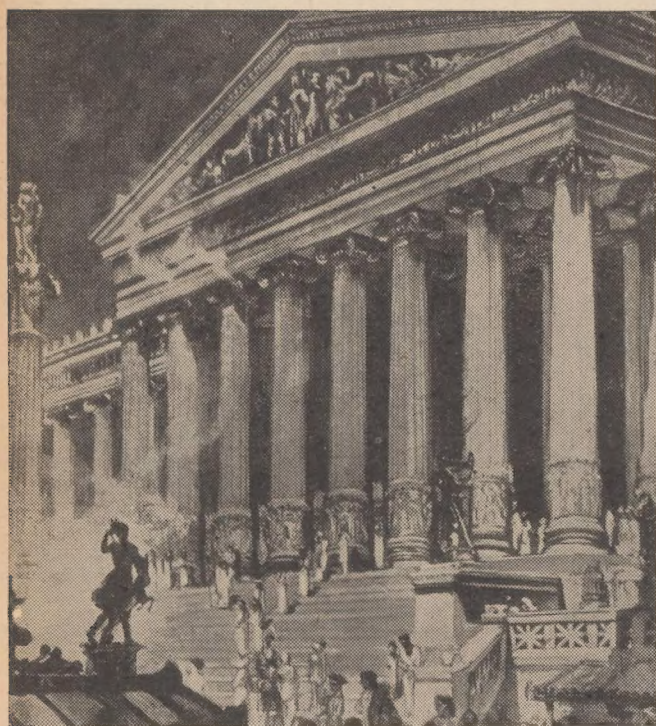
Earliest of the Seven Wonders of the Antique World, the Pyramids were built as a final resting-place for the Royal Families of Egypt and as a monument to the vision and constructive skill of mankind. To-day these mighty mausoleums have alone of the Seven Wonders survived the ravages of time and vandalism. Three of the great Pyramids stand along the west bank of the Nile, near Gizeh. The first and greatest was erected as the tomb of Choofoo, the Cheops of Herodotus, somewhere between 3,733 and 3,666 years before the Christian era. Its height is said to have been originally 481ft.



★ This colossal brass Apollo stood 70 cubits above the harbour entrance at Rhodes. An earthquake brought it down in 224 B.C. and the Saracens sold the metal, weighing 720,900lb. to a Jew.



Artemisia erected this mausoleum at Halicarnassus in memory of her husband Mausolus, King of Caria, 353 B.C., whose ashes she drank in liquor. The monument was a marvel of architectural beauty.



Pliny says that 220 years were employed in building the Temple of Diana at Ephesus, and all the Asiatic States helped in the work. In 356 B.C. an obscure individual named Eratostratus set it on fire with the sole motive of transmitting his name to future ages.



The ivory and gold statue of Jupiter in the god's Temple at Olympieum, built 437-433 B.C.



When Babylon was the world centre of magnificence and vice, it boasted many architectural gems, most famous being the Hanging Gardens which rose in five tiers to the height of the city walls. There were five gardens, each containing about four English acres, sustained by vast arches raised on other arches. Trees, flowers and vegetables flourished in abundance.



Ptolemy Philadelphus, King of Egypt, built this white marble pharos or watch-tower at Alexandria in 280 B.C., with constantly burning fires at the top to direct sailors in the bay, and upon it he wrote this inscription: "King Ptolemy to the gods, the saviours, for the benefit of sailors." It cost the equivalent of £165,100 in English money.